

NOODLE

The  
Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.  
CHRISTUS NOBISCUM STATE.

School Record

December, 1941.

# Alcester Grammar School Record.

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No. 70

DECEMBER, 1941.

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EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

M. AUSTIN, J. PLESTERS, D. SAVAGE, STEWART.

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## Notes and News.

Term began on September 17th and ends on December 19th.

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The prefects this term are A. Aspinwall (head girl), M. Austin, P. Cresswell, D. Savage, K. Hemming, G. Spencer, B. Francis, D. Villers, M. Cheffins ; Collins, Stewart, Collett, Brand, Smith, Goode.

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Sides Captains are :—BROWNIES : A. Aspinwall and Collett ; JACKALS : K. Wilson and Arnold ; TOMTITS : D. Savage and Collins.

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The football captain is Collins, the hockey captain is P. Cresswell.

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This term there are various changes and adjustments in the organisation of the school to be recorded. In addition to the parallel Third forms which we had last year, there are now parallel Lower Fourths and Upper Fourths. This increase in the number of forms has again complicated the problem of class rooms. The wooden hut (once the home of the history and geography rooms) from which about a year ago the partition was removed to make it suitable for use as a Cadet and Scout room, has had its partition restored, and is now used as form rooms for the Sixth and Upper IVA. In the main building, the Preparatory department now occupies three of the four ground-floor classrooms, Forms I and II now having separate rooms. The remaining downstairs classroom is tenanted by Lower V. The Upper Fifth have once more returned to the classroom upstairs. In the new block, IIIA have the Geography Room for form room,

while the other two rooms are the homes of IIIB and Lower IVB. Two forms, Upper IVB and Lower IVA, have no proper form rooms, but use the Art Room and the Dining Room.

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It was found convenient during last term to have a separate assembly in the morning for the Preparatory department. This term, to prevent congestion, there have been three simultaneous assemblies each morning. The main assembly in the Hall has been attended by all forms down to the Lower Fourths. The second assembly—for the Thirds and Remove—has been conducted in the Physics Laboratory by Mr. Hall. The third assembly has been in the Dining Room, for Forms II and I, and taken by Miss Weatherup and Miss Moore alternately.

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New arrangements have had to be made also about midday meals. So many children are now having hot dinners that it is necessary to have two sittings in the Dining Room, the first immediately after the close of morning school. These are in addition to the usual large sitting for cold dinners in the Hall. Apart from all these, members of Forms I and II have hot dinners in their own classrooms.

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For various reasons there has been considerable delay in obtaining a delivery of a number of the books ordered, but most of them have eventually arrived in time for use this term. Much delay has also been experienced in securing items of school uniform,. The materials to be used in the making of these suffered damage in air raids, and had to be either salvaged or replaced. It will be noticed, for example, that the red in most of the new caps is much less bright than usual, and that there are sometimes two or three shades of red even in the same cap. Girls' blazers with embroidered pockets have been unobtainable, and no hatbands have so far been delivered.

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With the re-arrangement of forms, a new departure has been made in the curriculum. Form Upper IVB have dropped Latin and started to study German. Thus, according to the new arrangement, all pupils entering the main school in the Third Form study Latin for two years, after which they are divided between Latin (Upper IVA) and German (Upper IVB).

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At the end of last term, Miss J. E. Blackaby, Miss M. C. Mason, and Mr. G. P. Compton left to take up other appointments. This term we welcome a number of new members of the Staff: Miss E. S. Cookson, to teach Mathematics, Mrs. J. Glover, to

teach History and English ; Miss M. Greaves, for English ; Miss F. L. Slote, for French and German ; Miss M. Tilley, for French and Latin ; Mr. E. W. Hadwen, for Science and Games.

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Miss Greaves, after being with us for three and a half weeks, has had to take a prolonged rest. Her place until the end of term is being filled by Miss B. M. Smith.

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We were all very sorry to learn of Miss Phillips's motor car accident on October 7th, which has kept her from school for so long. During her absence her work has been taken by Miss M. S. Bays.

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On Monday, June 30th, a recital for violin, viola, 'cello, flute and piano was arranged by Mr. J. Brough for the girls of the Upper Fourth and upwards.

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Wednesday, July 9th, was Parents' Day for the Preparatory Department.

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A miniature range, for use by the Cadet Corps, has been constructed in a corner of the school field.

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During the examinations at the end of last term Miss Smye, owing to shortage of rooms, conducted her music lessons in the corridor just inside the main entrance.

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At the closing assembly on July 25th, a number of presentations were made. Cricket colours were presented to Sheppard, and tennis colours (for the season) to M. Crompton, M. Cheffins and B. Baylis. Tennis racquets were handed to K. Wilson and B. North. M. Crompton received two Savings Certificates in lieu of the Gold medal, as winner of the tennis competition.

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The sum of £5 1s. 10d., raised by the raffling of rugs made by the Sides, was sent to the Princess Elizabeth Home for Children.

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During the present term a large number of pupils have been inoculated at school against diphtheria.

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We are very grateful to Canon Chapman and to R. H. Arnold for their gifts of books to the library.

On October 9th an address on the Navy was given to boys of Forms VI, Upper and Lower V by Lieutenant W. E. Charles, R.N.V.R.

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On October 29th a similar address on the R.A.F. was given to boys of the same forms by Wing Commander J. C. E. A. Johnson.

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Half term was taken on Friday, October 31st (half day) and Monday, November 3rd.

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A lecture in support of Dr. Barnado's Homes was given to Forms i, ii, Remove, iiiA, iiib, and members of the guild in other forms. A collection for the Homes totalled £3 1s. 6d.

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Hearty thanks are due to those girls who gathered such a large quantity of blackberries for jam-making.

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Mr. S. Hall, who has been Senior Master since the opening of the School, is retiring at the end of the present term. Our best wishes for his success in his new undertaking accompany him. An appreciation of his work for A.G.S. will appear in our next issue.

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### School Register.

#### VALETE.

*Arnold, R. H. (VI), 1934-41.	Lucas, A. L. (Low. V), 1937-41.
*Crompton, M. (VI), 1933-41.	Sutor, J. H. (Low. V), 1936-41.
*Mahoney, W. J. (VI), 1936-41.	Huxley, J. (Upp. IV), 1939-41.
*Peeler, J. M. (VI), 1940-41.	Wilkes, G. R. (Upp. IV), 1936-41.
*Reynolds, J. E. (VI), 1939-41.	Birtles, V. M. (Low. IV), 1940-41.
*Walton, R. J. (VI), 1930-41.	Jeary, L. N. (Low. IV), 1941.
*Bridgman, J. H. (Upp. V), 1936-41	Johnson, M. E. (Low. IV), 1941.
Emery, A. W. (Upp. V), 1936-41	Chatwin, R. G. R. (IIIA), 1940-41
*Evans, F. E. (Upp. V), 1936-41.	Marr, D. M. C. (IIIA), 1938-41
*Farquhar, R. (Upp. V), 1939-41.	Reynolds, V. A. (IIIA), 1940-41.
Garner, L. M. (Upp. V), 1937-41	Maskell, A. P. (IIIB), 1941.
*Henson, E. I. (Upp. V), 1937-41.	Maskell, R. A. (IIIB), 1941.
*Houghton, F. (Upp. V), 1936-41	Carver, L. S. (I), 1941.
Peeler, S. M. (Upp. V), 1940-41.	Parlow, A. J. (I), 1941.
*Rippington, W. T. (Upp. V), 1936-41	Pritchard, A. S. (I), 1941.
Taylor, J. M. (Upp. V), 1936-41.	Smith, J. Y. (I), 1941.
Toplis, R. M. (Upp. V), 1935-41.	Thomas, R. A. W. (I), 1940-41.
Jeary, G. A. H. (Low. V), 1941.	

\* Prefect.

SALVETE.

Adkins, G. V. (IIIA).	Lyon-Smith R. J. (II).
Ainge, O. M. (IIIB).	McDermott, J. V. (II).
Baseley, B. F. (IIIA).	Mc Kewan, A. J. (I).
Baylis, G. A. (IIIB).	Mereine, M. R. (IIIA).
Beesley, A. S. (IIIB).	Mereine, W. D. (Low. IVA).
Buchanan, K. J. (II).	Mitchell, B. E. I. (IIIB).
Carlyle, E. J. (I).	Mitchell, J. C. (II).
Carlyle, S. M. (Rem.)	Moore, J. W. (IIIA).
Coleman, M. G. (I).	Morris, D. M. (IIIA).
Davies, R. B. (IIIB).	Morris, J. E. (IIIA).
Dawson, V. (IIIB).	Nunn, J. E. H. (IIIA).
Dowdeswell, M. J. (IIIB).	Paddock, V. J. (IIIB).
Elvins, B. S. (I).	Pallett, M. W. (IIIA).
Feast, W. H. L. (I).	Pavey, E. J. (IIIB).
Fellows, P. H. (IIIB).	Prestidge, J. (IIIB).
Follows, J. C. (I).	Price, J. G. (IIIB).
Free, S. M. (II).	Prosser, J. A. (IIIA).
Frost, H. A. (I).	Richardson, J. (IIIB).
Frost, P. M. (II).	Roberts, G. M. (Rem.).
Ganderton, T. H. (IIIA).	Roberts, J. W. (IIIB).
Garfield, G. O. (IIIA).	Roberts, J. M. (IIIB).
Goulbourne, S. M. (IIIA).	Rogers, A. K. (Rem.).
Hadwen, A. (II).	Rogers, V. A. (IIIA).
Hadwen, E. J. (Upp. IVB).	Saunders, C. J. (IIIB).
Hadwen, H. E. (Low. IVB).	Slaughter, M. F. (IIIB).
Hartwell, L. V. (IIIB).	Smith, R. (I).
Hay, A. M. (I).	Spraggett, S. M. (IIIB).
Haynes, T. W. G. (Rem.).	Stone, M. A. (II).
Haywood, C. G. (IIIA).....	Stone, M.D. (I).
Hemming, B. E. (IIIA).	Styler, H. T. (Rem.).
Hill, D. E. J. (IIIA).	Summers, G. G. (IIIB).
Hill, J. H. (IIIB).	Sumner, M. E. (Low. IVB).
Holmes, K. M. (IIIB).	Tolman, M. E. (IIIB).
Huins, R. A. (I).	Vale, E. T. (II).
Ingles, A. C. (Rem.).	Weaver, J. E. D. (I).
Ingram, S. M. (Rem.).	Weaver, K. A. (II).
Jones, F. M. (IIIB).	Welch, R. C. (IIIA).
Kempster, M. J. (I).	Whadcoat, R. J. (IIIB).
King, M. A. (I).	Wilkes, N. R. (IIIB).
Layton, M. D. (IIIA).	Wilson, D. G. (IIIB).
Leech, S. A. (Rem.).	Woods, D. M. (IIIB).
Lilley, L. W. F. (IIIB).	Yeomans, M. (II).
Lye, R. J. (I).	Yeomans, J. E. (Rem.).
Lyon-Smith, D. (II).	Young, V. M. (II).

There have been 343 pupils in attendance this term.

### Old Scholars' Guild News.

PRESIDENT—MR. C. T. L. CATON.

HON. SEC.—S. G. BIDDLE.

HON. TREAS.—H. T. HEWLETT.

In spite of the many difficulties in carrying on in war-time, the Summer Reunion was held as usual. It took place on Saturday, July 26th, but once again rainy weather interfered with the proceedings, and the afternoon arrangements had to be cancelled. There was a moderate gathering in the evening, when dancing was the main feature, to the music of the Boston Trio. Thanks to the ingenuity of our willing helpers, a light supper was provided. When the evening closed with the traditional farewell ceremony, there was general agreement that a good time had been spent.

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It has been decided not to hold a Reunion this winter, as so many members would find it impossible to attend. However, the annual dance will be held as usual, the proceeds to be devoted to a war charity. Full details will be made known later.

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With deep regret we have to record the death on active service in the Middle East of John Walters, and we extend our sympathy to his parents.

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Congratulations to Diana Hunt (scholar 1927-38), on obtaining the B. A. degree of London University, with 2nd class honours in Sociology ;

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And to L. Parsons (scholar 1930-38), who has been awarded his B.A. degree at Oxford University, with 3rd class honours in History ;

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Also to Cicely Stanley (scholar 1935-40), on passing the Assistants' examination of the Society of the Apothecaries of London, with a distinction in Chemistry ;

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And to Mary Colegate (scholar 1919-31), who has passed the examination of the Central Midwives Board. ;

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And to Margaret Rowles (scholar 1928-37), who has obtained 2nd class honours in History in her London University B.A.

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Also to Stella Stevens (scholar 1934-38), who has passed the examination of the Pharmaceutical Society.

We are sorry to learn that Leslie Barnett has been reported missing.

A number of Old Scholars have expressed the wish that a presentation be made to Mr. Hall, as he is retiring from teaching. Will those wishing to subscribe send their contributions to Mr. Caton at A. G. S.

### **Births.**

On June 30th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Goddard (née Cissie Canning)—a son.

On July 16th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Alexander—a daughter.

On August 17th, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Wickett (née Vera Wood)—a son.

On August 25th, to Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Burden—a son.

On November 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Yates (née Marian Chambers)—a daughter.

On November 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Rook—a daughter.

### **Marrriages.**

On November 19th, 1940, at Coventry, Albert H. Boland to Janet E. Smith (scholar 1925-30).

On July 15th, at Stratford-on-Avon, George William Heath to Dorothy B. Winnett (scholar 1912-20)

On August 23rd, at Bidford-on-Avon, Richard Paul Von der Becke to Jessie Holder (scholar 1923—30).

On September 13th, at Studley, T. L. Oliver to Phyllis Marjorie Carratt (scholar 1928—33).

On September 17th, at Barcheston, Samuel Charles Styler (scholar 1928—33) to Frances Joan Clifford.

On September 20th, at Shottery, George Steele (scholar 1924—33) to Winifred Mary Archer.

### **Death.**

On September 23rd, on active service, John George Walters (scholar 1928—39), aged 19 years.



### *In Malaya.*

Since my arrival here at the end of that fateful year—1939, life in Malaya has changed considerably. Unwilling, however, to incur the displeasure of the censorious blue pencil, I will not enlarge upon the political situation; at the same time, the war clouds loom uncomfortably near and we have had to prepare for any emergency. Australian, Indian, Malayan and European troops are standing by. We have black-out practices, fire practices, armoured cars trek by, sirens wail, and all those grim details, which now form part of your everyday life, are a part of ours here also. My husband, in addition to being a mining engineer, is a private in the 2nd Selangor Battalion of the F.M.S. Voluntary Forces and every now and then he has to leave home for two months ‘embodiment.’ When at home he has to attend evening parades. Conscription for all Europeans came into force last year throughout the Peninsular. The woman’s part is similar to that of her sister at home—ambulance driving, canteen work, Red Cross, the eternal knitting and sewing. One Australian soldier told me a short while ago that he had never possessed so many socks in his life before: he had fifteen pairs. Before I left England I used to travel about under the auspices of the E.N.S.A. singing to the troops, and I have been similarly occupied here.

Meanwhile the ordinary everyday life has to carry on and I am going to try to give a pen picture of life in Malaya, a life which is highly Americanised and as far removed from the average Man-in-the-Street’s conception of it as possible.

Our home is a wooden house set in a pleasant garden situated high on a hill immediately overlooking a tin mine. Behind the house is a rifle range where the various troops come to practice. Behind that is a secondary jungle. In front, beyond the mine, is the main road to Kuala Lumpur, capital of the State of Selangor and situated ten miles away. Parallel to the road runs the main Singapore, Kuala Lumpur and Penang railway line. All the necessities of life can be purchased in Kuala Lumpur. The cold storage, a big, cool white-tiled shop has grocery, vegetable and fruit, dairy, confectionery and butchery departments, plus a milk bar. Meat, all of which is imported from Australia, is not displayed, but is kept in a vast refrigerator and is handed out for inspection upon inquiry. Now that petrol rationing has been inaugurated, and rightly so, visits to Kuala Lumpur have to be carefully planned so that I buy a week’s supply at a time, as the perishable goods keep perfectly in our own refrigerator. In addition to adequate facilities for household shopping, and the many lovely shops kept by Chinese and Indians, there are three

large European Stores where one can buy anything from a garden hose to a model gown. Most of the assistants are Europeans, but the auxiliary Asiatic staff speak perfect English.

Socially, life differs very little from at home. There are the usual societies, such as Rotary, Ex-Service Men's Association, Philatelic, Musical, Dramatic, etc. In addition to the European Club, centre of all social activity, and indispensable to the Out-station dweller, there are the excellent European Hotels, where non-residents may dine and dance. There are seven or eight cinemas and two professional orchestras which give regular concerts. I think that the greatest asset is the Book Club or Library, which boasts an excellent reference section in addition to a good fictional. Nor are we kept waiting for the new books, reviews of which we read in the home papers, for as soon as a book is published at home, copies are shipped here. There are even more amenities of every kind in Singapore, which is 260 miles away and from where I have broadcast several times; Broadcasting House being a very modern building, admirably equipped and well staffed. As there was an excellent article with photographs in the March issue of the Sphere, I am not going to enlarge on the subject here except to mention that Singapore is well prepared for any emergency.

Whatever the temperature, it is never too hot to indulge in one's favourite sport, be it rugger, soccer, cricket, squash, badminton, tennis, hockey, riding, golf, fencing or merely ping pong. My husband is an enthusiastic Rugby player and plays for the State of Selangor. Any and every village, even the tiniest hamlet tucked away on the outskirts of the jungle, boasts its own football pitch, netball pitch and badminton court. The Chinese particularly are adept at the latter games. Though the Chinese women have adopted the Western sports fashions, it is a common sight to see the Indian woman playing tennis, hampered by her long, picturesque robes, while her husband enjoys the comparative coolness and comfort of Western dress.

Five nationalities compose the population of Malaya—Sakais, who alone are able to eke out an existence in the jungle, Tamils (Indians), Chinese, Malays and Europeans. There are fewer Malays in Selangor than in any other State in the Peninsular. The Police force consists of Malays and Sikhs (Indians) under the supervision of Europeans. The Police force is run on military lines and the Europeans hold ranks equivalent to Captains and Majors in the Army. The Tamils of the coolie type work mostly as rubber tappers and in the tin mines. The greater part of the population consists of Chinese. If your conception of the Chinese

is based on those of the screen or as portrayed by fanciful novelists who have been no further East than the Mile End Road, then you are going to be disappointed. The Chinese neither shuffles around in felt-soled slippers with arms folded in long sleeves concealing a villainous looking knife, nor does he look inscrutable. In the first place, with the exception of the coolie, the Chinese favours Western clothes and he takes a pride in looking dapper. In the second place, he is a voluble chatterer, has a quick sense of humour and is no more quarrelsome than anyone else, though he is certainly incredibly stupid on occasion.

V. W.

(*To be continued.*)

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### Grass.

I love the green, the velvet sheen,  
Of turf that's smoothly shorn,  
And so within my garden  
I have tried to grow a lawn.

I've dug, and hoed and watered it,  
And pounds of seed I've sown;  
I've chivied all the sparrows off,  
And how the grass has grown!

There's grass upon the rockery,  
There's grass among the stocks,  
There's grass in every border,  
And round the hollyhocks,

There's grass around the gooseberry bush,  
And in the patch of corn;  
The only place there is no grass,  
Is on my precious lawn.

MARY PARKER (Low. V).

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### Street Doors.

There is something very fascinating about street doors. They are common-place, often ugly, yet I always get a thrill from them, a queer feeling that something uncanny and mysterious is happening behind them. It sounds fantastic, but it probably comes from the fact that a recognised portion of our lifetime is spent knocking, ringing and always *waiting* at street doors. We wait at the street doors of doctors, music-teachers and scores of friends, and I am sure we have all at some time sold tickets or flags of one variety or another at these doors.

Have you ever travelled miles to visit a friend and then, at the end of your journey knocked at the door and received no reply? Then slowly and reluctantly you retrace your steps. Here is all the hopelessness, helplessness and blank dismay only a closed door can give. Tennyson puts this sensation into words in the following two verses of "In Memoriam":—

"Dark house, by which once more I stand  
Here in the long unlovely street,  
Doors, where my heart was used to beat  
So quickly waiting for a hand.

He is not here; but far away  
The noise of life begins again,  
And ghastly through the drizzling rain  
On the bald street breaks the blank day."

Why are dentist's doors always street doors? I might also ask the reason why these same establishments invariably have steps leading up to the doors. One rings at the door, feeling very courageous, but hoping in one's heart of hearts that the dentist is out or ill or even dead. One stands waiting on those steps, basking in the sympathetic gazes of passers-by.

The same thing applies to the veterinary surgeon, but in this case the sympathy is extended to the animal you are taking to visit him. A friend of mine once took her dog to have his toe-nails clipped. While standing at the veterinary surgeon's door she overheard the most scathing remarks being passed, such as, "Fancy having a lovely dog like that done in?" "She ought to be shot!" She even received an offer from an old man to buy the dog.

Yes, street doors are certainly fascinating.

J. PLESTERS (Upper V).

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### Parking.

Packing a case before setting out on a holiday is a delightful task. From the first moment that certain feeling of freedom coupled with the joy of anticipation invests a somewhat tedious process with undoubted glamour. One feels that to execute a dance on the spot would not come amiss—but the groans of less exhilarated members of the family serve to check any attempt to give vent to one's feelings. There are pathetic cries of "Oh, my nerves!" and cynical questions such as "Are you trying to bring the ceiling down?" and sheer weight of numbers compels one to restrain youthful exuberance. But thoughts cannot be curbed and they revolve dizzily round the prospect of the near future.

We taste the delights of anticipation as we make a list of all the things we shall need. Who can say how many pencils are used in this careful preparation? An interested observer would note the harassed frown on every brow, as the respective owners chew their pencils in silent meditation. Woe to the one who dares disturb this most unusual peace! He encounters the ireful glares of those whose tranquil mood he has rudely shattered, and perforce must retire in silence, much abashed. Pieces of paper fall like snow upon the floor, as list after list is discarded; till, at last, the task is completed and we wend our way upstairs to find suitcases.

With eager hearts we enter the box room and seize upon our quarry with loud shouts of "Here they are!" From the seclusion in which they have remained during the interval between holidays, the cases are dragged forth. A thick layer of dust lies on top of each. No matter! For perhaps the only time in our lives we are ready, nay anxious, to do some dusting. Clouds arise as we attack the cases with enthusiasm. Before long, everyone is sneezing and, snatching the cases, we beat a hasty retreat, leaving the dust to settle at will.

Now the real fun begins. Frantic searches ensue and wardrobes are ransacked with unabated fervour. Clothes are scattered in heaps all over the room, while coat-hangers and paper fill up the remaining space. To an intruder, coming in unawares it would seem as if a tornado had struck the room. To walk across without treading on something would be an impossibility. The carefully-prepared lists are forgotten and lie abandoned under a pile of garments. At last the case is filled to overflowing and is placed in a corner ready for tomorrow's journey.

M. AUSTIN (Form VI).

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### **The Rescue.**

As the ship struck ground,  
She turned right round,  
And the sea broke over her deck.  
The sailors clung,  
Hope highly strong,  
To the raft floating round the wreck.

The lifeboat came,  
The crew were game,  
And they took the raft to shore.  
Safe at Stoke,  
A sailor spoke,

"We should have thanked them more."

GRAY II (Low. IVB).

### Christmas.

Mince pies, plum puddings, figs, nuts and oranges ; snow, holly, mistletoe, and huge fires roaring in the grate—these are true signs of Christmas. Christmas ! what a wealth of things that single word can conjure in our minds ; with what longing do we look forward to the repetition of all those happy hours spent in games and merriment. Old folks may nod their heads, and say “Aye, Christmas isn’t like it used to be,” but although we may eat just a little, little, less; and although we may be not quite so uproarious, the same old happy feeling and exuberance of good will goes on for ever.

But though even ‘grand-pa’, while sitting in the corner, has an especially benign expression on his face at this time, Christmas is perhaps most exciting for the children, especially the very young. For months before the twenty-fifth, I used to prepare gifts and drop large hints ; rush round the big stores and return with exciting tales of the Father Christmas there and the presents he had given me. Then, as the great day approached, there was the tremendous task of putting holly behind every picture, clock and tea-caddy, and arranging the multitude of Christmas-cards, while tall people got lost in a maze of paper hangings, reminding one of Alice in Wonderland.

But of course, nothing could surpass the actual moment when I woke up on Christmas morning—and strangely enough I usually managed to wake while it was still quite dark, though on other mornings nothing short of an alarm clock and a shower of cold water could stir me—to find that Father Christmas had really remembered to call. As my youngest brother was also receiving the gifts of the generous Father then, no words could describe the commotion and noise made, while with much rustling of paper we opened our two piles of presents, calling to one another meanwhile. Bedroom doors were flung open wide, while, tooting on tin trumpets, banging on drums, pumping up humming tops and letting loose the uncanny yell of jack-in-a-boxes, we dragged round our new treasures, getting more feverish every moment.

One memorable Christmas, it was a disconcerting moment, when our two eldest brothers carried off a boat with the most fascinating paraffin-driven engine, and then in about two minutes we saw it in flames, come hurtling through the bathroom window. It was also rather annoying to see father monopolise the miniature railway ; but as we had plenty of other things to attract our attention, one more Christmas passed happily.

Then after Christmas day itself comes the endless succession of parties, the skating, the snow-balling ; the sitting up to see the New Year in, and the continued merry-making on New Year's Day. Can any time surpass this glorious few weeks in the year when ordinary life seems as remote as the days of Caesar, and time slips by unruled by hours of work ? Is it any wonder that school-books grow dusty on shelves and in cases, and your brains forget all they ever knew ?

DOROTHY SAVAGE (Form VI).

### *Away from the War.*

The morning is bright and clear and with a good spirit we start walking, away from the town and the noise of traffic. With joy we turn into the fields and now our day lies before us ; somewhere along this narrow meadow path many exciting things await us. We feel strange and out of place in this frightening silence. Suddenly the birds in the nearby trees start a heated discussion, others join them and the silence is broken.

With the song of the birds as an accompaniment, a strange figure in a distant field commences a wild hilarious dance. We puzzle over his identity. His clothes are tattered and on his head an old trilby is perched. As we approach, we discover what this strange object reminds us of. Sure enough, when we reach it, we find it is indeed—a scarecrow. Scarecrow in name only he is, for some few yards away, a cheeky crow stands winking at us in bewilderment.

The very green of the grass and the freshness of the air draw us on and on. We pass through ploughed fields, where the earth has that old country smell. In other fields the mown grass lies smoothly, and in the meadows, red and white flowers greet us. We watch a farmer mowing. As the sun climbs steadily to mid-heaven, he continues with the same monotonous stroke. He is one who rises early at dawn and starts his day with the sun.

Pleasantly tired and hungry, we drop down on to the carpet of green at our feet. How refreshing it is to see a clear blue sky, enhanced by white, billowing clouds ! What a change it is from shops decorated with 'sold out' notices. It is a real joy when we discover that we have time to notice—

“ . . . as woods we pass,  
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.”

All the creatures of nature seem to be at play. Rabbits rush across the path and into the grass and a wily fox moves stealthily after them.

In our extreme pleasure at such a delightful change, we find thrills in many simple things. We paddle in the brook, pick water cress and roll down grassy slopes. We suddenly find ourselves under keen observation. Some other lovers of nature's beauty regard us with horror-stricken eyes. Seeing us return their stare, they pass on. The day, alas ! also passes on, and we, with drooping heads but refreshed spirits, wend our way homeward.

J. M. BRADLEY (Upper V).

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### *A Fishing Expedition.*

A party of fishing enthusiasts once arranged an all night fishing contest to be held at a certain village, selected on account of the splendid brew of ale sold at the local tavern. The journey was made by motor coach, which was crowded and rather curtailed the outstretching of arms, which usually demonstrates the yarns told of big fish caught in previous contests, but nevertheless the yarns were told including that of the big one that got away.

Arriving at the village at about 7.15 p.m., they made their way without hesitation to the local, for refreshment, enjoying this until to the surprise of all the landlord called, "Time, gentlemen, please."

Darkness had now fallen, and by the light of a small lantern, borrowed from their late host, the party set off to find a suitable place for their contest. Coming to the bridge they decided that this was situated favourably ; so rods and lines were fixed and the contest commenced.

The night passed slowly by, and except for the scraping of matches no sound was heard, until just as dawn was breaking the early morning train passed under the bridge.

DOROTHY JONES (Upper IVa).

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### *The Stray.*

A little tabby cat,  
Left in the snow,  
Cold and hungry,

With nowhere to go ;

She sat on a doorstep

Under the moon,

Hoping that someone

Would take her in soon.

Next day she was given

A home with food galore,

But soon instead of one cat

We found that there were four.

WENDY HOWES (Low. IVB).



### **A Gipsy Caravan.**

A gipsy caravan is going along a lane. A man is holding the horse drawing the first caravan. He shouts to another man to turn into the next field. When the gipsies have settled down in the field the women set about cooking the food. They all gather round a fire, and a man brings out a guitar, and begins to play. There are several ragged children gathered round the fire, who are talking quietly together. After a short time the food is cooked, and everyone begins to talk and laugh. When the meal is over the children run off to find one of the horses. They take it in turn to ride the horse round the field, and when they are tired of that they go back to the fire. Someone is singing, and after that someone else tells a story. It is now getting dark and the children go inside one of the caravans. The women who are round the fire wear earrings and rather old dresses. The men have on old trousers, and shirts, and nearly all of them are smoking pipes or cigarettes. Soon they stamp the fire out and everyone goes into their caravan. The horses come a little nearer the caravans. It is very quiet now, but quite light because the moon is up.

In the morning the breakfast is cooked, the fire smothered with grass, the horses are harnessed, and the gipsy caravan starts on its way again.

PATRICIA FELLOWS (IIB).

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### **Autumn Leaves.**

The tired green leaves of summer time  
Have again their glory won;  
And glowing colours, bronze, and gold,  
Are challenging the sun.

The flaming leaves of Autumn time  
Have faded into brown,  
They hang forlornly on the trees,  
And slowly flutter down.

The Autumn frosts have come at last,  
The winds are blowing cold;  
The leaves are whirled in dances wild  
And drift upon the mould.

Beneath the branches gaunt and bare  
The leaves are lashed in rain;  
And into sodden heaps decay—  
They'll never live again.

JENNIFER REYNOLDS (Low.V).

### **Wanderers of the Night.**

It happened one night in late August. The time was about eleven o'clock, and I lay in bed, thinking of all the things one does think about when one is unable to go to sleep. I was in that deliciously lazy state of being, neither awake nor asleep, when suddenly, a loud noise rent the silence, jolting me unpleasantly out of this coma. In vain did I try to stifle the annoying sound, and even determined to ignore it; but all to no avail, and I eventually gave myself up to investigating the cause of this unreasonable disturbance. I located the sound as coming from the street below, and stepping out of bed I crossed to the window, opened it wide, and peered into the dimness of the night.

At first, I could see nothing; then the keen night air aroused my drowsy senses, and I distinguished three vague figures, just across the road. I winced as a hearty burst of masculine laughter smote the air, and then realised that an argument was raging between the three figures, and I listened attentively.

"An gwellen oren broody!"

"Oi don't care if you be broody, Oi tells yer——"

"Zin vellen, mine frend."

"'Ere, 'oo be you a callin' your friend? Oi'll 'ave you know as 'ow I be the representative 'o the lawr! And you aint a goin' back 'till you puts on that lamp!"

"Ze lamp, Oh! Ze lamp! Seken oren broody."

At this moment I recognised one voice as belonging to one of the local Police Force, but the others frankly puzzled me. Then the moon appeared from behind a cloud, and clearly silhouetted P.C. Blank and two lusty giants, each on a particularly diminutive and lampless bicycle, apparently Czechoslovakian soldiers.

The poor policeman seemed totally incapable of striking any familiar chord in the Czechs' minds, and his task was made more difficult as the Czechs doubled up with roars of laughter, each time he uttered a syllable. In the end, he resorted to switching on his torch, shouting, "lamp!" switching it off again, and shouting "no lamp!" Much to the amusement of the Czechs, and a few nocturnal wanderers, one of whom facetiously remarked, "You want an interpreter on this job, mate."

Eventually the Czechs dimly realised what he meant, but they firmly refused to put on the lamps until certain mysteries were explained to them. Why must the lamp be on?

"Blackout," says the valiant P.C. briefly.

"Ah, zut. Black-out—no light! Why then, lamp?"

This was unanswerable, but our courageous copper worked skillfully round it.

"Well, yer see, when any vehicle 'asnt got no lamps, yer carnt see it cummin, see? Then if yer carnt see it cummin, yer 'its it, and there's a haccident."

"A haccident, wot, plis?"

P.C. Blank removed his helmet and wiped his damp brow, then proceeded to illustrate "a haccident." He strode to the middle of the road, called to one of the attentive audience, and then started to walk down the road; the other man was supposed to run into him; thus showing the Czechs what "a haccident" was.

But, unfortunately, at the identical moment when P.C. Blank was strutting down the road, a figure, on a bicycle, with a *brilliant* lamp, flashed round the corner, cheerfully whistling excerpts from the Czech National Anthem as he came. P.C. Blank saw him, but he did not see P.C. Blank, and the "repventity 'o the lawr" had to beat an extremely hasty retreat into the gutter, or there really would have been "a haccident." The figure on the bicycle sped up to our two Czechs, and their guttural voices, all speaking at once, mingled with the expostulations of the indignant P.C.

After a few more moments of cross-talk, the two Czechs produced lamps, affixed them to their bicycles, and prepared to depart, telling their friend, no doubt, all about the screamingly funny policeman, who had been amusing them, and helping to pass the time away.

The three figures rode down the street, and as they passed our speechless policeman, the newcomer rode up to him and said "My friends no understand you, but pairhops you see them again, Yes? Why you no tell them they get into trouble if they have no lamps? Gut-night."

And away he sped once more.

The three heroes rounded the corner, whistling three entirely different tunes, in three entirely different keys, and faded away into the night. I crept back to my bed, the audience dispersed, and P.C. Blank went home to his sympathetic wife, murmuring unprintable threats on "These 'ere furreners."

BETTY FRANCIS (Form VI.).

### *The Early Morning.*

I see the fields,  
I see the sky,  
I see the sun,  
And birds that fly,  
I see them all  
Through my window small,  
Early in the morning.

I sometimes see  
The bullocks stray,  
The fleecy sheep  
And lambs that play,  
I see them all  
Through my window small,  
Early in the morning.  
M. IRVING (Low. IVA).

### **The Most Remarkable Person I have ever met.**

It was while I was trying to mend a puncture on a lonely country road. He politely asked me if he could be of any assistance. I could well do with some assistance, and, being somewhat curious about a tramp of this type, I let him help me. He wore a genial expression upon his face and was of about medium height. His hands looked horny and showed signs of hard work. His clothes were old but not in tatters or even torn anywhere. As I walked along with him it began to rain, and soon it became a downpour. We stopped to take shelter in a small hut, but found that it was locked. Upon seeing the lock this vagabond produced a bent fork and after a few seconds' manipulation, opened it. The rain continued to pour for nearly an hour and during that time he told me his story.

From his story I learned that he had had a very interesting past. He was the only son of a wealthy family and had been left quite a considerable sum of money. He was now fifty-eight and his parents had died when he was twenty-five. Leaving England he went to America and bought some oil shares there. For quite a long time he lived a luxurious and lazy life, but he soon grew tired of it all. The more money and luxuries he had the less he liked them. He longed for a more lonely life with less gaiety and no responsibilities.

He resolved to tramp the world, after having seen a 'hobo' jump off a freight train. This rich man, being in a philanthropic mood, gave away most of his means to some deserving cause and kept only enough money just in case he needed it. He now travelled all over America and later on to many other places. He said that he had been involved in a South American revolution (but this I doubted). At last he thought he would like to see England again. This time he travelled as a deckhand on board a dirty old tramp steamer, whereas before he had voyaged across the ocean in a large luxury liner. He told me that he had been in England three weeks and was now tired of tramping and wished to return to his old life.

This tramp was very convincing, but I hesitate to believe some of the things he told me. It seems probable that he likes to imagine that his present condition is made more romantic against the background of former luxury.

R. H. ARNOLD (Upper V).

### Nocturne.

It was a still dark night, not a thing stirred ; all was well. Animals, birds and human beings slept undisturbed, content for the time to let things slide. Only a deer under the chestnuts was restless, moving to and fro, a slim, graceful shadow amid the gnarled trunks which had stood for centuries ; around her the trees dripped, and the last dank leaves of Autumn drifted slowly and sadly to the sodden grass beneath. For the dying year was nearly dead, and the part of the earth where this small deer lived was passively waiting for the coming of winter.

The moonlight filtering through the branches of the massive chestnuts lay in intricate patterns on the grass, rested on the fawns sleeping on the ground and on the little mother anxiously nosing her children and stepping daintily over their inert bodies. Far into the night she kept watch over her children, until one by one the stars went out and a rosy flush in the East marked the return of day. Only then did the now tired and weary deer stretch herself on the grass to sleep.

She had been worried of late ; she could not understand the beams of white light searching the night sky and the distant ominous rattle of guns, and the often uncomfortably close thud of bombs puzzled her. For her gentle deer's mind could not understand the selfish aims of war ; it was filled with one purely unselfish motive, the care of her family of four, for whom she had lain awake the whole night, and many nights before. But her dreams were happy, for she was certain that nothing would happen until morning.

Peace rested on the park, as the earliest birds sleepily twittered their morning song, but still the deer slept on.

E. ROSE (Low V.).

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### Going to School.

Through the meadows bright and cool,  
In a pleasant breeze,  
Oh ! we love to go to school,  
Mornings such as these.

And the roses in the dew  
Call to us, " Good-bye !"  
Very well your work you'll do,  
If you only try !"

BRENDA MITCHELL (IIIB).

### **Christmas, in Spite ———.**

No matter whatever happens or however long wars may continue, "there will always be a Christmas " just as "there will always be an England."

If Christmas comes in wartime, it may not be quite so jolly as if it had come in peacetime, but Christmas will always come. The time will come when the ground will become covered with snow and the robin will still sit on the snow-covered branches. The holly and mistletoe will be gathered and the Christmas puddings made and all the Christmas festivities held.

In spite of the rationing of food people will be able to entertain friends on Christmas night, and in spite of the control of beer many people will be able to drink their fill.

This Christmas some of the shops will be decorated just as in peace-time. There will be gay trimmings hanging across the windows and fancy lights showing inside. Calendars and Christmas cards will be on sale, although the further manufacture of them has recently been prohibited. This Christmas there will be a few gaily decorated Christmas Trees, and Father Christmas will come as usual to the young people and give them joy on Christmas morning.

Considering all this and in spite of air raids, black-out and so forth, the holidays will come, and we shall so much appreciate them.

H. H. KNIGHT (Upper IVA).

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### **The Dream.**

Last night as on my bed I lay,  
I dreamed a dreary dream,  
Methought I saw a man in grey,  
Amid a cloud of steam.

He beckoned me to come with him,  
To lands both far and wide,  
Where all the roads were dark and grim,  
And it was eventide.

At last I woke from this sad scene,  
To find the sun did shine.  
Thank goodness it was but a dream,  
And life was once more fine.

M. MERINE (IIIA).

### A Weird Experience.

November 5th, 1938, will always stand out in my mind as bringing one of the most weird experiences I am ever likely to have, although at the time I was only nine years old.

My father was ill in bed at the time, and just before dark I had been round to feed all the pigs, amongst them being two sows with litters. It was very windy and raining hard; so about seven o'clock my mother and I went out to make quite sure that none of the little pigs had got away from their mother, and you may imagine our surprise when we discovered that the black sow and her nine little ones were missing. We searched all round the premises, but they were nowhere to be found; so we came down to the house to discuss with father what should be done. My father said that the black sow had always had a roving disposition and she might have gone into the orchard. We put dry coats on and went out once more to look for her, but searched in vain until nine o'clock, when we returned to the house, tired, wet and greatly upset.

After having had a warm drink we went out again, and, standing at the top of our orchard we heard through the noise of the wind in the trees the faint squeak of a little pig. Scrambling through a hole in the hedge, we walked about one hundred yards down rows of sprouts, until by the light of our torch we discovered the sow and her litter all apparently fast asleep. Immediately my mother spoke, the sow got up and came towards her, and I stood back, flashing the torch to make sure that all nine little ones were there. We managed to get all of them through the hedge into our orchard, and headed for home down the path amongst the trees, with me walking behind driving the little pigs along.

The wind and the rain had got worse and about half way down the path there was a vivid flash of lightning which lit up everything around us. Had I been older, the picture I saw might not have been so weird, but I was only nine, and tired, wet and very cold.

There in front of me I saw my mother, followed closely by a large black sow with nine little black and white pigs all one behind the other. The rain was falling on them in sheets, and at either side the long bare branches stretched out over them, like the thin arms of skeletons endeavouring to snatch them away from me. Suddenly everything vanished, and once more we were in complete darkness. Even my torch had failed, and I seemed to be alone amongst those skeleton arms. During these November nights as I lie in bed listening to the howling of the

wind and the beating of the rain on my window, I have often thought of that weird scene, which is still fresh in my mind, though it happened three years ago.

V. E. STONE (Low. IVB).

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### **The Nation's Need.**

Citizens of Britain  
And all the Empire too,  
If we're to win this war,  
It all depends on you ;  
To help our mighty army,  
Navy, and Air force, too,  
To buy them ships, tanks, and planes,  
So to victory they'll win through.  
Invest in National Savings,  
All the money you can spare ;  
Show you're a true Briton  
By doing your own share.

VALERIE SHARP (IIIA).

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### **A Welsh Holiday.**

Ever since I had last seen it three years ago I longed to re-visit the little Welsh sea-side town, which we will call Llangoch. Llangoch is a very little town with one street, one hotel and innumerable chapels of seemingly every denomination, but it has always had a great attraction for me with its great length of sandy beach and expanse of sea.

This year I resolved to go there at all costs and the only way to do that was to cycle some one hundred and thirty miles, but I was not daunted. Following weeks of preparation I got up one morning at half past five, and after a big breakfast I set out soon after six o'clock, with the sun just rising behind me. When I had gone about three miles I almost turned back at the sight of the first big hill, but I went on and passed through Worcester before the citizens were up. Then followed a long ride with the Malverns over on my left: I thought I should never be rid of them. But I persevered ; town after town flashed or rather straggled past and, when I thought that I had reached Wales I stopped for my first dinner. Then I pressed on towards the distant hills of Wales—I should mention that the weather was perfect all this time. I stopped for my second dinner beneath the first mountain and I was thoroughly tired by now. As the journey, however, had to be completed, I pedalled on and on. Then came a spot of rain : just a passing shower, thought I, but clouds began to loom over the mountains in front of



me. I was passing through a town; the clock in the market place said three o'clock, when it came. 'It' was a cloud—one of those dense, wet clouds which always seem to envelop the Welsh mountain roads. As I had forty miles to ride through this, you may well imagine that I became rather wet. The pity of it was that the wild mountain scenery was completely blotted out. To make things worse, a wind came up from the sea and tried to blow me home again. Luckily the last fifteen miles were down-hill. I had a mishap on this last descent, for my chain came off and jammed the wheel. I skidded for yards and wore all the tread off my tyre; but I changed my wheel round so that I could free-wheel right down to the sea.

I arrived at Llangoch at seven o'clock in the evening; the sea was a cold grey, the horizon seeming only a hundred yards out because of the fog. I made my way to our former landlady and she very kindly took me in, out of the wet. I there awaited the arrival of my sister and her friend in the car. When they arrived it was almost dark and we went up to a farm to see what could be done about a camping site. The farmer allowed us to sleep in an open-fronted cartshed for the night, as it was too wet to erect tents. I was very surprised to find that a school-fellow, K——, had arrived that night and was installed in a barn opposite to our shed. In the morning, almost at dawn, we got up and soon pitched our tents in the field. That week was unique in its weather; the wind was colder than in December and the rain wetter than anywhere else in the world—or so it seemed to us. On about the fourth night a rent appeared in the top of our big tent—shall I ever forget that night? We had to take down the tent in a howling tempest, and return to the cartshed. But in spite of the weather we enjoyed ourselves very much and ate like wolves. At the end of the first week the others went home and I was left alone; strangely enough the weather cleared up after that, allowing me to do all the things that I intended to do. I climbed the hills behind Llangoch and gained a wonderful view of Cardigan Bay.

The bathing at Llangoch is peerless: it is reputed to be the safest in the British Isles. The sand-dunes nearby are ideal for sunbathing and the cliffs for climbing; there are no artificial amusements there, indeed they are not needed, for the natural beauties of the town and surrounding country suffice.

After having spent one of the happiest fortnights I have ever had, I and my bicycle returned by rail, not because I did not want to ride home, oh no! but because I wanted a ride in a train.

J. M. STEWART (Form VI.).

### A Little Ship.

Before the war I was an ordinary little fishing boat named "Saucy Sally." I belonged to an old salt, Tom Jones, and his two sons, Bill and Arthur.

When the call came for all the available ships to go to Dunkirk, I was one of those little ships who answered the call and helped in the Dunkirk episode. I was very nearly broken with the heavy weights from the beach to the destroyers. As I was sailing in the open seas, the soldiers gave all their thanks to me and the other little ships. Many of the soldiers were too tired to step into me when I reached the beach again. Here the willing hands of Bill and Arthur helped them to step into me. While I was sailing, the German aeroplanes were still overhead. After I had reached the destroyer and I was coming back, one little ship sank. As I was empty I took the soldiers to the destroyer as well.

When I had made countless journeys, Old Tom decided that I was not fit to carry any more precious cargoes, as I had two leakages. He gave love and care to my wounds. I am out on the seas again now, bringing in food to help to feed a great nation.

SHEILA STALLARD (IVA)

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### Oxford Examinations, 1941.

The following candidates were successful in the examination held in July:—

*Higher School Certificate:* Group 2 (Modern Studies)—R. H. Arnold, J. M. Peeler. Group 3 (Mathematics and Science)—R. J. Walton.

*School Certificate:*—A. W. Brand (6 credits), \*J. H. Bridgman (5 credits) D. G. Collett (4 credits), A. W. Emery (5 credits), \*F. E. Evans (8 credits), \*R. P. Farquhar (9 credits), B. C. Francis (5 credits), L. M. Garner (4 credits), D. K. Goode (1 credit), \*K. E. Hemming (6 credits), E. I. Henson, (2 credits), \*F. Houghton (6 credits), \*S. M. Peeler (6 credits), W. T. Rippington (8 credits), D. W. Smith (5 credits), \*G. R. W. Spencer (7 credits), \*J. M. Stewart (9 credits).

\*Qualified to claim exemption from London Matriculation Examination.

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### National Savings

Membership of the Girls' group has increased to 135, and savings average £13 weekly. This is quite a good achievement; but it is felt that some members forget to bring along their savings regularly. These should be brought on Tuesdays to Form ii classroom at 1.30 p.m.

Mr. Hadwen has succeeded Mr. Compton as secretary of the Boys' group. Up to July, 1941 the total of savings reached £299 16s. 6d., and this has now been increased to £305 16s. 6d. Apart from War Weapons Week, 83 certificates have been purchased by stamps, and 74 bought outright. Membership is increasing, but certain older members have allowed their good habit to lapse. Stamps and certificates are obtainable on Wednesdays in Lower Fifth form room at 1.15 p.m.

Miss Weatherup receives savings from boys and girls of the Preparatory School on Fridays. Their savings at present amount to £32 12s. 6d.

### **Cadet Corps.**

C. O.—CAPTAIN S. HALL.

At the end of the Summer term we lost the valuable services of Mr. Compton, whose expert criticism and advice will be greatly missed on the rifle range which has at last been finished and officially approved by the Army Authorities. Shooting with the .22 rifles we hope to make a regular feature of our cadet parades. Many cadets left the corps at the end of the Summer term, but their positions were quickly filled by young recruits and the number in the corps now stands at thirty-five. At the end of July the corps took part in some field exercises; Mr. Hall and Mr. Compton acted as judges, while the attacking and defending parties were under the command of the two senior N.C.O.'s. An interesting and instructive day was enjoyed by all of us. Mr. Hadwen who joined the staff this term, has very kindly consented to help in the instruction of the Corps.

A.D.C.

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### **Scouts.**

SCOUTMASTER—MR. E. S. WALKER.

The activities of the troop this term have been fully maintained, and as the senior scouts go to the cadet parades, more time can be spent on the tuition of the junior scouts. The results have been very gratifying for many of the juniors are now fully second Class. On the occasion of the visit of the Chief Scout—Lord Somers—to Coughton Court, the troop were present to welcome him. There was an excellent turn-out and the troop numbered about forty; the drums were again played by the senior scouts. Owing to the loss of our troop-leader and some patrol leaders, others have had to be appointed. Mahonty, the last troop-leader, has been succeeded by Collins.

A.D.C.

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### **Football.**

CAPTAIN—Collins.

As the majority of last year's football team had left we were once more faced with the problem of selecting another, consisting mostly of players who, though keen, were rather inexperienced. This, as can be seen, had a marked effect upon the results of our matches. The team, however, are now beginning

to settle down, and in the weeks to come we hope to make up for our past defeats.

#### RESULTS.

A.G.S. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home) lost 1—13  
v. Kings Norton S.S. (home) lost 0—5  
v. Coventry K.H.G.S. (home) won 5—1  
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away ) lost 1—9  
v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away) lost 0—18  
v. Redditch C.H.S. (home) lost 1—5  
v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home) lost 0—4

#### SIDES MATCHES.

Brownies 3, Tomtits 2 ; Tomtits 5, Jackals 1 ; Brownies 2 ; Jackals 2.

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#### Hockey.

Captain—P. Cresswell.

In spite of the increasing size of the school, each girl has at least one game of hockey and a practice each week, and the first eleven matches are being continued as usual. The arrangements entail a great deal of work and much gratitude is due to Miss Cookson, who has been in charge of hockey since Miss Phillips's motor accident early in the term.

The first match of the season against Evesham was a keen and enjoyable game for both sides, ending in a draw.. The field then was in good condition, but latterly games have had to be postponed for a few days as a result of the heavy falls of rain.

Of the matches played so far the results are :—

A.G.S. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home) draw 2—2  
v. Redditch C.H.S. (home) lost 1—2

P.M.C.

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#### Cricket.

Captain—Walton.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
13	2	10	1

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#### For the Juniors.

##### The Story of Jane.

A nice little girl called Jane  
Lives a little way up the lane ;  
With father and mother  
And sister and brother,  
She's happy, hail, sunshine or rain.

ALAN K. ROGERS (Remove).

**Spring in the Country.**

The sky is blue, the sun is shining,  
Green, green, green on the grass,  
Young lambs are bleating for their mothers,  
And the catkins swing as the breezes pass.

In the sky the birds are singing,  
"Happy spring! Happy spring!"  
Butterfly so bright is winging,  
Lovely thing! Lovely thing!

MARGARET FREE (Form ii.)

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**Our Visitors.**

One day Mummy put a piece of fat on the rose arch, and the blue-tits came and swung on it. Their black caps and blue and yellow feathers are very pretty. I like to watch them when I am having my breakfast.

We also have two robins which come and ask for something to eat, and they have a drink from the bird bath.

Three other visitors come. They are Jimmie, Toby and Flossie, the pussies from the farm. They are very clean.

I love all our visitors.

M. LARKIN (Form ii.).

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**The Navy.**

I am going to join the navy when I grow up. And I will go aboard a ship, and I will go over the Atlantic Sea for thousands of miles. It will be fun to go aboard a ship. And when I see a new land I shall steer the ship that way till I reach the new land, and when I reach the land I will go on that land and go round the city.

D. GARDNER (Form ii.).